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Septuor of Beethoven were given, and a grand psalm of Marcello, sounding like the voice of eternity; and finally we had the diabolic Freischütz overture.

At the celebration of the *Fete Dieu* at St. Roch last month I heard some very beautiful music. There was an *orchestre de symphonie* and an *orchestre de fanfare*, two organs, a chorus of 100 voices, and a boy soprano whose solos quite set me wild. There was also a female soprano, whose florid notes strayed in from the distant *Chappelle du Calvaire*, for in the main part of the church no woman is permitted to sing. As the procession was forming, the *orchestre de symphonie* played some charming selections from Papa Rossini's *William Tell*, and then came the Wedding March of that angel of beauty, Mendelssohn; and as the procession slowly defiled through the long, dim aisles of St. Roch, the band played *Partant pour la Syrie*, and enlivening galops and polkas, which I thought were rather trying to the priests and nuns; but their feet never seemed to yield to the alluring music, and they marched with most recollected air, scarce raising their eyes from their breviaries.

And oh, the pretty sight! every age, office and sex were represented: the demoiselles in bride's attire, virgin-white, close veiled, each little head wreathed with sweet roses, and bearing in their hands bunches of white lilies; *le Suisse*, in scarlet uniform and cocked hat and glittering halberd; bright banners borne by flower-bedecked youths, and maidens strewing rose-leaves along the way; the blessed sacrament carried under a golden canopy by reverend priests. Never did I receive so singular an impression as, while kneeling in the little side chapel, I watched this morning's spectacle, and listened to the gay music as it reverberated from pictured dome to pillared arch.

Some time ago I wrote you of the influx here of infant musical prodigies from America. Since then I have learnt that *enfants terribles* are not peculiar to our country, but are indigenous also to the soil of France. There is a lithograph in the window of a music store in the rue St. Honoré upon which I often gaze with wonder if not admiration. It is of a child pianist of five years. The little girl stands by the piano; her eyes turned heavenward. She has what is supposed to be a rapt expression upon her infantile countenance, and there is the amazingly short jupon characteristic of prodigies. I believe she has played at the Exhibition this summer.

A few evenings ago I met *la petite Fanfan*, a true prodigy. She is a child of eight, who takes the principal part in the play of *La Famille Benoiton*, which was written for her. She is very lovely, with blonde hair, and the gray eyes of genius. I heard her recite several pieces—Cowper's *Rose*, and Shakespeare's *Juliet*. Of course she did not understand a word of English, but the inflexion of her voice and the passion she expressed in these poetic creations implied something more than good teaching; but in her character of Fanfan, a species of young America, she is the soul of the play, and imitably clever.

Two other prodigies of genius I met the same evening—the brother and sister Perry. They are musical, have together written operas, and a mass that has been sung at St. Roch. The boy is fourteen and the demoiselle sixteen. The young lady has also written a drama.

I suppose you have had full accounts of the great festival of the 1st of July, and *cher Papa Rossini's* latest creation, the Hymn to Napoleon III. and his valiant people. I wonder if you have seen as many contradictory statements respecting it as I have—some profound critics styling it trash—unworthy of the occasion, whilst others have found in it all the inspiration of his brighter days. For my part, I found it highly exhilarating, especially the final chorus given by the *ensemble* of over a thousand executants, with accompaniments of ringing of bells and discharge of cannon.

I presume you are rejoicing with me over the triumph of the American pianos, and my especial delight, the Chickering pianos in particular. A gold medal and the Legion of Honor for Mr. Frank Chickering. Eureka!

CECILIA.

MUSICAL LETTERS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

JOSEPHINE LANG, THE SONG-COMPOSER.

(CONTINUED.)

Life continued to draw its chains still more sternly around her. From her twelfth year, she had given eight hours' lessons every day, and now there were added the duties which devolved upon her as Royal Chapel Singer. It was only in the stillness of the night, or during walks which had become indispensable, that she could give ear to the suggestions of her genius. On the other hand, many were the joys that fell to her lot. Personages of high, nay, the highest rank, took the most lively interest in her. Kings and Queens, Schelling and Cornelius, Liszt and Thalberg, Lachner and Taubert, Stephen Heller and Ernst, besides innumerable others, sought her acquaintance; she was drawn into the very first circles—I almost believe she was the fashion. In many of her pupils, most of whom were older than herself, she found, after passing with them a period of dreamy poetry, genuine friends for life. A journey to Salzburg with one of them procured her the pleasure of being allowed to play before Mozart's mother, and her celebrated sister, and being distinguished by Neukomm. All this was well and good, but it did not satisfy the want experienced by the fair young artist for more lasting and higher musical instruction. She had relations in Vienna—after long hesitation and delay, it was resolved that she should be permitted to go thither. Her portmanteau was packed up, her passport made out, nay, even her seat in the stagecoach paid for—but it was so hard for her father to part with her that she gave up with filial love all her projects. It was her last attempt to leave home! When her father died, a year later, Josephine was more necessary than ever to her excellent stepmother and some young brothers and sisters, and the beautiful, high-soaring plans, fostered by men like Mendelssohn and Stieler, and, indeed, by every one around her, were for ever frustrated. To this was added her weak bodily organization: seeing how pale and slender she was, people could hardly understand how she managed to support all the work and excitement she had to go through. True, she was often laid upon a sick couch. She was compelled by violent inflammation to drink whey. Queen Caroline, who was very partial to her, sent her to the baths of Kruth, in the Bavarian High-

lands. Her stay there was the turning point of her life. Invigorated by the magnificent mountain air, Josephine one day sang one of her songs. A young man, who occupied the next room, was particularly moved by it. He made enquiries, was informed it was a "strange singer from Munich," and got introduced to her. His name was Christian Reinhold Köstlin. My readers will guess the rest.

Köstlin, one of the most distinguished German jurists, was eminently gifted, both poetically and musically. Under his surname of Reinhold, he published a large number of lyrical pieces, fragments of dramatic poems, stories and romances, which were most extensively appreciated. He played, moreover, his Beethoven by heart, and possessed a profound insight into the art and science of tone. In a few days there sprang up between the two young persons, who had met by such an accident and so providentially, a poetico-musical correspondence, unique, perhaps, in the endless stories of loving hearts. Every day Reinhold used to send the fair singer a new song. On the morrow it was returned, set to music and daintily copied out, and then sung by them both. In this way there was gradually produced a whole series of new songs; and, also, a mutual liking, strong and deep, genuine and frank, but—dumb! After being cured by her course of whey, Josephine returned to her friends, the Stielers, at Tegernsee, whither Reinhold followed her and was soon one of the favorites of the agreeable circle. But the hour of separation was approaching. Was it only a dream? asked the maiden of herself, during a long sad year of sickness. The answer was contained in a letter from Reinhold, who greeted her in it as his beloved future wife. Then came new happiness and new joys; then came, too, new songs and music without end. In the spring of 1842, Reinhold and Josephine celebrated their nuptials, Reinhold's father, the Prelate von Köstlin of Stuttgart, uniting the happy pair. They floated down the Rhine. On the steamer, Reinhold wrote some verses on a little bird hovering in the air far above his head, and his young wife composed the melody. It is the only song of that period. It is not profound grief alone that the Muse shuns; she flies, equally, from supreme happiness. Reinhold, who had been appointed Professor of Jurisprudence at Tübingen, took his bride to the little cottage he had built for his own occupation alone. In this "Köstlin Villa," as the people christened it, the rare couple lived quiet, retired and—happy. The fair artist Josephine disappeared before the Professor's wife—nay, the musical had, perhaps, to yield to the culinary, art. But music still remained the gem of their lives, and no family rejoicing, no festive event took place, without being celebrated by poetry and song. Besides this, there was the society of the most celebrated men—there were visitors of the most interesting kind. Josephine enjoyed the unique happiness of singing to Uhland, Lenau, Rückert, and Kerner, the melodies with which their songs had inspired her. "A man is fortunate," said Uhland one day to Köstlin, "when his own songs are sung to him, as yours are to you, by his own wife."

Meanwhile cradle-song played the principal part in her history! Four boys and two little daughters appeared in a comparatively short time upon the stage, and the piano was probably now and then not opened for months together. The mother, too, fell ill,

and the children fell ill, and none of the troubles, which have been created for the purpose of imparting the necessary variety to our life, were wanting. Reinhold's father died, as did Mendelssohn and Stieler, and the young couple's nearest relatives, both in their immediate neighborhood and at a distance. There supervened long periods of mourning, during which it was a difficult task for beings endowed with such profound feeling to accommodate themselves again to the exigencies of the world! But they suffered, at any rate, together! In the year 1853, however, Josephine's husband was attacked with a disorder of the throat and lungs, which, despite all that medical art could do, mercilessly extended its ravages. The patient fell a victim to it after three years of suffering, in the prime of manhood and of intellectual activity. —His poor widow succumbed bodily and mentally beneath the weight of her endless sorrow. The very worst was feared. The widow's broken heart recovered itself, however, thanks to the mother's love. To be a support to her infant children, to collect all her strength in order to fulfil the one great duty which Fate had imposed upon her—this was what rescued her from her indescribable woe, and enabled her to commence a fresh life. We know what the income of a Professor's widow is; that it is not sufficient to bring up six children is the least that can be said concerning it. The gravest cares soon assailed Josephine. Her friends advised her to try and gain a subsistence as a teacher of music, and, difficult as it was for her to unite the duties of a housewife and instructress of her children with so laborious a profession, it was absolutely necessary to carry out the idea. That pupils flocked to her, that the high artistic power she exhibited in her youth should now again assert itself, and that her influence in the musical circles of Tübingen should soon grow to be proportionate to it, was but natural. Despite all her sorrows, too, her intercourse with studious youth exercised an invigorating effect upon her; she found consolation and comfort in again devoting herself to music, and the beautiful gift of song returned, as in the brilliant years of her residence at Munich. But the severest blow of all for the much suffering woman still remained. Her eldest son, Felix, to whom Mendelssohn had stood godfather, was 14 years old, when, after passing the night by the couch of his sick father, he stood, at 9 o'clock in the morning, before the altar to be confirmed, and, on the same day, saw his father die. The boy, who possessed a particularly gentle disposition, retained an ineffaceable recollection of this tragical combination of circumstances. Intelligent far beyond his years, and highly gifted with natural powers, he was soon sent, in obedience to the previous arrangements of his father, to the lower Theological Seminary at Blaubeuren, where, after a sad parting from his mother, he stayed four years, preparing himself with energy and love for his future mission. But, when near the goal, he was attacked by an affection of the head and brain, which assumed such proportions that the poor youth had to be sent to a sanatory establishment. From year to year did his mother look forward to his recovery—she is still looking forward to it at the present day. But even this melancholy event, together with a nervous illness which rendered the poor woman blind for several months, added to work and cares without end, could not destroy her genial intellectual powers. With her firm

belief and her endless love was always combined hope. Living for her children and her art, she fights the desperate fight, borne up by her conscience, encouraged by the sympathy and partiality of many of the best of mankind, and still ever deriving fresh happiness from the songs which her Genius whispers to her in the moments of her solitude. To her genuine artistic nature is she constantly indebted for the richest blessings, but to Fortune she unfortunately owes nothing. It is an idle fancy, in which, however, I cannot refrain from indulging, to picture to one's self how the fate of a distinguished person might have been developed under different circumstances. In a large capital, Josephine Lang would, probably, have become rich and celebrated, but she would not, perhaps, have remained Josephine Lang. It is, however, very sad to see in what a miserable position the ornaments of our country are always liable to be placed. Perhaps it is simply the result of our national modesty! People are, on the one hand, too modest to ask, and, on the other, too modest to offer. I wish that, at any rate, men possessed of power or wealth would become very bold. Josephine Lang has published far more than a hundred songs and other pieces, and the series presents a picture of continuous development. The earliest belong to a period when Josephine was almost a child, and bear the stamp of the most amiable ingenuousness. But there is soon an increase in the breadth of melodic plan, the depth of conception, the peculiarity of the harmony, and the richness in the forms of the accompaniment. What more especially distinguishes these compositions is the spontaneity of the invention—more or less prominent in different cases, we never find that musical manufacturing, or those interesting reflections, which are the chief malady of the present day. Another great recommendation of Mad. Lang's songs is the treatment of the voice—in every bar we perceive the *Singer* in the best acceptance of the word. The piano-forte accompaniment, too, affords evidence that the fair composer is perfectly at home on the instrument. Though the influence exercised on her by Mendelssohn and Schubert's style is now and then evident, nowhere is there the slightest trace of imitation. Everything springs freshly from a genuine musical mind, without timidity, without effort, and with an utter disregard of any consequences, no matter what. Joyous or sad, deeply serious or sparkling with delight, the tone is always healthy, as distant from exaggerated melancholy as from giddy happiness. It is sincere music, and its sincerity arises from a noble soul. I cannot here enter into musical details—to what, indeed, would they lead? But I will name some of the parts or volumes which strike me as particularly calculated to excite the interest of the musical world. First and foremost are those numbered 12 and 14. The words to both are by her husband, and it is a pity that the title does not announce to the Uninitiated the fact of their being the productions of so uncommon a couple. In the *Lieder des Leids* (words by Zeller), the first and third are more particularly remarkable for beautiful melody, and the greatest profundity of expression. In Op. 34, 36, and 38, the singer will find a rich selection of the most varied styles. Out of the early works, I have a recollection of "Frühlingsgedränge," "Nach dem Abschied," "Am Morgen," "Scheideblick," "Frühlingsahnung," "Sanger's Lust," and "An die Entfernte," as par-

ticularly pleasing pieces. But taste in cases of this kind is, as we are all aware, a matter depending on difference of disposition. Other persons may prefer other songs—I only wish that a great many songs may enchant a great many people! I conclude with peculiar emotions.—I was a youth when Josephine Lang, to my great delight, sang me her songs, and I played on the piano for her the "Capricen" I had then written—since that period we have never met face to face. But the evenings I then spent in Munich will never be forgotten by me, and the remembrance of them has continually hovered round me as I have been writing these lines. I most sincerely trust that their golden brilliancy may form the ground of that serious picture of life, for which it is to be hoped my endeavors to enlist the cordial sympathy of my readers has not been altogether vain.

MUSICAL SIMILARITIES, Etc.

All musicians know that operatic and other composers repeat themselves—or rather their musical ideas. Rossini, Verdi, Bellini and Donizetti are especially noticeable for this. This has suggested to us to make a small collection of musical similarities. The subject could be pursued to a great length, but we content ourselves for the present with those cited below.

And first, many of us know that a great proportion of our church music—even old hymns and psalms—is taken from operas, musical dramas, masses, national melodies, songs, etc. This point we only touch on as being suggestive to those who "don't understand operas or opera music."

One of the finest effects ever made on the lyric stage is by Meyerbeer in his opera of *Les Huguenots*, by introducing the fine old choral of Martin Luther, *Ein feste burg ist unser Gott*, which Mendelssohn thought desecration.

Donizetti also incorporated the English air of *Home, Sweet Home*, into his *Anna Bolena*; and Flotow, as we all know, introduces *The Last Rose of Summer* into his opera of *Martha* as a solo, duet, and grand finale.

Rossini used the same airs for different operas. Mozart did the same. His air from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*non piu andrai*), is played in the supper scene of *Don Giovanni*.

Meyerbeer incorporated much of his *Camp of Silesia* into his *North Star*.

The "Dessauer March," interwoven by Meyerbeer into the grand finale of *L'Etoile du Nord*, so popular among the Germans, and so expressive of their patriotic sentiments, is said to be of Italian origin. It derives its name from that of the Prince of Dessau, the brave "Old Dessauer," as he was called. This commander was greeted with this melody when he entered the city of Turin, after he had conquered it in 1706. The air was, however, composed previously to this time, for it was already used in 1705 to celebrate the battle of Cassano.

Bellini's "*Sonnambula*" is full of reminis-